

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

The Deformed Transformed: a Drama. By the Right Hon. LORD BYRON. 8vo. pp. 88. London, 1824.

THE last accounts from Greece left Lord Byron at Cephalonia, aiding with his fortune—and we doubt not by his pen,—the cause of Greek independence; and so liberal is his lordship said to have been, that report fixes the amount of his bounty at £10,000. This is a noble trait in the character of the wayward bard, and will be remembered when some of his works (we hope, at least) will be forgotten. Whether his lordship intends to buckle on his armour and take the field, we know not; could the warlike spirits of his ancestors hover around him, they would excite him to the act—though Greece wants no swords—the indispensable sinews of war are what she needs, and, having her quarrel just, she has nothing to fear. But what has this to do with Lord Byron's drama? Why very little, we confess; and we were led to the digression by considering that, wherever Lord Byron is, or whatever ostensible object he may be engaged in, he never suffers his pen to lie idle. What a dance would his lordship lead the literary antiquary who is inquisitive after the houses where authors wrote and lived; for he has written poems at school—in town—in the country—in Italy—in Greece—and we should not be surprised if he composed a stanza while Leanderizing across the Hellespont.

Where *The Deformed Transformed* was written, or why written at all, we neither know nor care: but why his lordship, who gives us his *Don Juan* at four-pence a canto, should charge us about eighteen-pence for each act of his drama might be worth inquiring, could one find it out. His lordship is becoming an interminable writer, and seems to think that whatever he does must take. His *Don Juan* is doled out piecemeal in cantos, until the public have become weary of it; and the same plan, it appears, is to be adopted with his dramas. *The Deformed Transformed*, which is founded partly on the story of a novel long since forgotten, called *The Three Brothers*, and partly on the *Faust* of Goethe, is incomplete—the first two parts only, and the opening chorus of the third, being given: the rest, to what extent we know not, may perhaps appear hereafter.

The story of the drama opens with a dialogue between Arnold, the Deformed, a wretched ugly hunchback, and his mother,

Bertha, who loathes him and treats him with great cruelty. He goes to cut wood, wounds one of his hands, and goes to a spring to wash it, when he sees himself, starts back, and thus soliloquizes:—

'They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me What she hath made me. I will not look on it

Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch

That I am! The very waters mock me with My horrid shadow—like a demon placed Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle From drinking therein. [He pauses.

And shall I live on, A burden to the earth, myself, and shame Unto what brought me into life? Thou blood, Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself On earth, to which I will restore at once This hateful compound of her atoms, and Resolve back to her elements, and take The shape of any reptile save myself, And make a world for myriads of new worms! This knife! now let me prove if it will sever This withered slip of nature's nightshade—my Vile form—from the creation, as it hath The green bough from the forest.'

Arnold resolves on suicide, places his knife on the ground, and determines to fall upon it, when a tall black man rises from the spring and accosts him, indorses a good many jokes on his humpback, and at last offers to change his form—to show him 'the brightest which the world ere [e'er] bore,' and give him his choice. After some incantations, various phantoms arise from the waters, and pass in succession before the stranger and Arnold:—

'Arnold. What do I see?

Stranger. The black-eyed Roman, with The eagle's beak between those eyes which ne'er

Beheld a conqueror, or looked along The land he made not Rome's, while Rome became

His, and all their's who heired his very name.

Arn. The phantom's bald; my quest is beauty. Could I

Inherit but his fame with his defects!

Stra. His brow was girt with laurels more than hairs.

You see his aspect—choose it or reject.

I can but promise you his form; his fame Must be long sought and fought for.

Arn. I will fight too,

But not as a mock Cæsar. Let him pass; His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.

Stra. Then you are far more difficult to please

Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus' mother, Or Cleopatra at sixteen—an age

When love is not less in the eye than heart;— But be it so! Shadow, pass on!

[The phantom of Julius Cæsar disappears.

Arn. And can it Be, that the man who shook the earth is gone, And left no footstep?

Stra. There you err. His substance Left graves enough, and woes enough, and fame More than enough to track his memory; But for his shadow, 'tis no more than yours, Except a little longer and less crooked I' the sun. Behold another!

[A second phantom passes

Who is he?

Stra. He was the fairest and the bravest of Athenians. Look upon him well.

Arn. He is

More lovely than the last. How beautiful!

Stra. Such was the curled son of Clinias;— would'st thou

Invest thee with his form?

Arn. Would that I had

Been born with it! But, since I may choose further, I will look further.

[The shade of Alcibiades disappears

Lo! Behold again!

Arn. What! that low, swarthy, short-nosed round-eyed satyr.

With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect, The splay feet and low stature! I had better Remain that which I am.

Stra. And yet he was

The earth's perfection of all mental beauty, And personification of all virtue.

But you reject him?

Arn. If his form could bring me

That which redeemed it—no.

Stra. I have no power

To promise that; but you may try, and find it Easier in such a form, or in your own.

Arn. No. I was not born for philosophy, Though I have that about me which has need on't.

Let him fleet on.

Stra. Be air, thou hemlock-drinker

[The shadow of Socrates disappears: another rises.

Arn. What's here? whose broad brow and whose curly beard

And manly aspect look like Hercules, Save that his jocund eye hath more of Bacchus Than the sad Purger of the infernal world, Leaning dejected on his club of conquest, As if he knew the worthlessness of those For whom he had fought.

Stra. It was the man who lost The ancient world for love.

Arn. I cannot blame him,

Since I have risked my soul because I find not That which he exchanged the earth for.

Stra. Since so far

You seem congenial, will you wear his features?

Arn. No. As you leave me choice, I am difficult,

If but to see the heroes I should ne'er
Have seen else on this side of the dim shore
Whence they float back before us.

Stra. Hence, Triumvir!
Thy Cleopatra's waiting

[The shade of Anthony disappears:
another rises.

Arn. Who is this?
Who truly looketh like a demigod,
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and
stature,
If not more high than mortal, yet immortal
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,
Which he wears as the sun his rays—a some-
thing
Which shines from him, and yet is but the
flashing

Emanation of a thing more glorious still.
Was he e'er human only?

Stra. Let the earth speak,
If there be atoms of him left, or even
Of the more solid gold that formed his urn.

Arn. Who was this glory of mankind?

Stra. The shame
Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war—
Demetrius the Macedonian and
Taker of cities.

Arn. Yet one shadow more.

Stra. (addressing the shadow)

Get thee to Lamia's lap!

[The shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes vanishes:
another rises.

Stra. I'll fit you still,
Fear not, my Hunchback. If the shadows of
That which existed please not your nice taste,
I'll animate the ideal marble, till
Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.

Arn. Content! I will fix here.

Stra. I must commend
Your choice. The god-like son of the sea-god-
dess,

The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves,
Of rich Pactolus roll'd o'er sands of gold,
Softened by intervening chrystal, and
Bibbled like flowing waters by the wind,
All vowed to Sperchius as they were—behold
them!

And him—as he stood by Polixena,
With sanctioned and with softened love, before
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,
With some remorse within for Hector slain
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young
hand

Trembled in his who slew her brother. So
He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as
Greece looked her last upon her best, the in-
stant

Ere Paris' arrow flew.

Arn. I gaze upon him
As if I were his soul, whose form shall soon
Envelop mine.

Stra. You have done well. The greatest
Deformity should only barter with
The extremest beauty, if the proverb's true
Of mortals, that extremes meet.

Arn. Come! Be quick!
I am impatient.

Stra. As a youthful beauty
Before her glass. You both see what is not,
But dream it is what must be.

Arn. Must I wait?

Stra. No; that were pity. But a word or
two:

His stature is twelve cubits: would you so far
Outstep these times and be a Titan? Or
(To talk canonically) wax a son
Of Anak?

Arn.

Stra.

Why not?

Glorious Ambition!

I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of
Philistine stature would have gladly pared
His own Goliath down to a slight David;
But thou, my manikin, would'st soar a show
Rather than hero. Thou shalt be indulged,
If such be thy desire; and yet, by being
A little less removed from present men
In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all
Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt
A new found mammoth; and their cursed en-
gines,

Their culverins, and so forth, would find way
Through our friend's armour there, with greater
ease

Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel
Which Thetis had forgotten to baptize
In Styx.

The Stranger moulds some clay along the
earth, and, addressing the phantom of Achil-
les, Arnold drops down senseless; when in
this state, 'his soul passes into the shape of
Achilles, which rises from the ground, while
the phantom has disappeared, part by part,
as the figure was formed from the earth.'
He rises an Achilles, and the Stranger as-
sumes the hunchback, much to the annoy-
ance of Arnold, who wishes to forget such
a being.

The Stranger, after assuming the shape of
Arnold, takes the name of Cæsar, and ac-
companies Arnold; four studs and two
pages are conjured up at once, and the
party sets off to Rome, where they arrive
at the time the Constable of Bourbon is be-
sieging the Eternal City. Cæsar is a sati-
rical dog, and many are the gibes and jokes
in which he indulges. Arnold and Cæsar
enter the Bourbon camp and service. Ar-
nold is called to attend a council, and bids
Cæsar wait in his tent:—

'Cæsar (solus). Within thy tent!
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my pre-
sence?

Or that this crooked coffer, which contained
Thy principle of life, is aught to me
Except a mask? And these are men, forsooth!
Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bas-
tards!

This is the consequence of giving matter
The power of thought. It is a stubborn sub-
stance,

And thinks chaotically, as it acts,
Ever relapsing into its first elements.
Well! I must play with these poor puppets: 'tis
The spirit's pastime in his idler hours.

When I grow weary of it, I have business
Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures
deem

Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a jest now
To bring one down amongst them, and set fire
Unto their ant-hill: how the pismires then
Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and,
ceasing

From tearing down each other's nests, pipe forth
One universal orison! Ha! ha!

The second part opens with the assault
on Rome. Bourbon plants his ladder,
mounts, and is shot by Benvenuto Cellini,
and supported by Arnold:—

'Arnold. You must be

Removed; the aid of—

Bourbon. No, my gallant boy;
Death is upon me. But what is one life?

The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.

Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,
Till they are conquerors—then do as you may.
Cæsar. Would not your highness choose to
kiss the cross?

We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword
May serve instead;—it did the same for Bayard.
Bour. Thou bitter slave! to name him at this
time!

But I deserve it.

Arn. (to Cæsar). Villain, hold your peace!

Cæs. What, when a Christian dies, shall I
not offer

A Christian *Vade in pace*?

Arn. Silence! Oh!

Those eyes are glazing, which o'erlooked the
world,

And saw no equal.

Bour. Arnold, should'st thou see

France—But hark! hark! the assault grows
warmer—Oh!

For but an hour, a minute more of life
To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold, hence!
You lose time—they will conquer Rome with-
out thee.

Arn. And without thee!

Bour. Not so; I'll lead them still
In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not
That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be
Victorious.

Arn. But I must not leave thee thus.

Bour. You must—farewell—Up! up! the
world is winning. [*Bourbon dies.*

Cæs. (to Arnold). Come, count, to business.

Arn. True. I'll weep hereafter.

[Arnold covers Bourbon's body with a mantle,
and mounts the ladder, crying

The Bourbon, the Bourbon! On, boys! Rome
is our's!

Cæs. Good night, lord constable! thou wert
a man.

[Cæsar follows Arnold; they reach the battle-
ment; Arnold and Cæsar are struck down.

Cæs. A precious somerset! Is your countship
injured!

Arn. No. [*Remounts the ladder*

Cæs. A rare blood-hound, when his own is
heated!

And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them
down!

His hand is on the battlement—he grasps it
As though it were an altar; now his foot
Is on it, and—What have we here, a Roman?

[A man falls.

The first bird of the covey? he has fallen
On the outside of the nest. Why, how now,
fellow:

The Wounded Man. A drop of water!

Cæs. Blood's the only liquid

Nearer than Tiber.

Wounded Man. I have died for Rome. [*Dies.*

Cæs. And so did Bourbon, in another sense.
Oh these immortal men! and their great motives!

But I must after my young charge. He is
By this time i' the forum. Charge! charge!

Arnold engages with Cellini, whom he dis-
arms and wounds; and Cellini in return
discharges a pistol at Arnold, which wounds
him in the arm. The scene changes to St.
Peter's, where the Lutheran soldiers wait
to destroy the proud Anti-Christ, because he
is a devil:—

'Cæs. Hush! keep that secret,

Lest he should recognise you for his own.

Lutheran Soldier. Why would you save him?

I repeat he is

The devil, or the devil's vicar upon earth.

Cæs. And that's the reason; would you
make a quarrel

With your
quiet;

His hour is
Luth. So

[The Luth
strikes

and he

Cæs. (to

I told you

Luth. So

Cæs. No

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You see he

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Rosa w

With your best friends? You had far best be quiet;

His hour is not yet come.

Luth. Sol.

That shall be seen!

[The Lutheran soldier rushes forward; a shot strikes him from one of the pope's guards, and he falls at the foot of the altar.]

Cæs. (to the Lutheran.)

I told you so.

Luth. Sol.

And will you not avenge me?

Cæs. Not I! You know that "Vengeance is the Lord's:"

You see he loves no interlopers.'

The city is taken, and Olimpia, who had fled to the church, and is rescued by Arnold from the soldiers, kills herself on the pavement before the altar. The third part commences with a beautiful chorus of peasants in the Apennines; and this concludes the first *livraison* of The Deformer Transformed, a work which is calculated to rescue the poetic character of the author from those clouds which have of late obscured it. The characters of Arnold and Cæsar are well drawn; the daring ambition of the one has a somewhat moral check in the humour of the other, whose estimate of the world may appear rather severe, but is very just. There is a great deal of smartness and some humour in his observations, and we shall be glad to follow the hero and his companion through a few more adventures, which we doubt not will soon be supplied; for the drama, like Don Juan, need not be confined to any length.

The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa. By LADY MORGAN. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 784. London, 1824.

FEW writers of the present day attract more attention than Lady Morgan: the party critics laud and abuse her, 'as in duty bound'—for literature has its parties as well as politics; and it is as easy to foretell the tone of a critique of the Edinburgh and Quarterly reviewers, on any work from Lady Morgan, as it is to divine what the ministerial and opposition papers will say on any measure of state policy. Few authors who have run the gauntlet of criticism have been more severely handled than Lady Morgan,—not but that she has a host of admirers; but, the fact is, that although many praise and many censure, all read, and that with avidity, the productions of her pen.

The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa has been long announced, and the public felt some anxiety to know what her ladyship could pick up respecting this painter to fill two volumes. Even some persons, who are of opinion with us that Lady Morgan, as Waller said of poets, succeeds better in fiction than in truth, thought it was to be a Neapolitan romance. The work is now published, and conjecture is at an end. In selecting for her *début* in biographical writing, Salvator Rosa, Lady Morgan acknowledges that she was influenced in the preference, more by the peculiar character of the man, than the extraordinary merits of the artist. Our readers need not perhaps be told, that Salvator Rosa was one of those doubtful characters

whom different historians brand as a conspirator or exalt as a patriot. Lady Morgan considers him in the latter sense, and her admiration of his character is therefore unbounded, because her ladyship never does any thing by halves.

Her ladyship commences with an historical view of the fine arts in Italy and Naples, and the political and social state of that country, particularly in the seventeenth century. She then gives a most romantic description of the place where, in 1615, Salvator Rosa was born. His father, Antonio, who was an humble architect and land-surveyor, intended his son for the church.

'The sacred calling of the future reverendissimo began in the parish church of Renella, where, to secure his salvation by the shortest road to Paradise, he received at the baptismal font that name which was supposed to consecrate its owner to the special protection of Heaven,—the name of Salvatore. "For never," says an Italian divine, "has it been known that God has permitted the devil to torture in hell, a man who bore this name."

'Confirmed by the force of their own volition that their son should be a divine, and should not be a painter, the good Antonio and Giulia Rosa saw visions of mitres and pontifical crowns floating round the cradle of the little Salvator, and were convinced that they had taken the best means of securing his present and future happiness, by devoting him to the church,—at all times the true temple of fortune in Italy, and at that particular epoch the only safe asylum for one who, by divine indignation, was born a Neapolitan. It was thus the father of M. Angelo, intended him for a woollen-weaver; that the father of Correggio had destined him for a wood-cutter; that Guido was educated for a musician; Andrea Sartore for a tailor; Guercino for a stone-mason; Claude Lorraine for a baker; and Molière for a *marchand frippier*. The course of genius, like that of

—"true love, seldom does run smooth;" but the parental folly which stupidly interferes with nature's vocation is no less sure to expiate its presumption by the disappointment of all its schemes. One curious fact may be added to this general observation, that persons of genius are generally the offspring of ordinary parents, and the sires of ordinary children. Talent is no heirloom; and nature, in selecting one of a race as the subject of high endowments, seems to sum up all her forces on a point, and then to recall her honours, as kings do others; receiving back from the hands of the son the brilliant distinctions which their favour had conferred on the father.'

Salvator had no predilection for the church:—

'Deprived of liberty, he made propitious offerings to that nature he was forbidden to worship, within the "darksome rounds" of his domestic prison: and, by the simple instrumentality of some burned sticks, he covered the walls of the old house with the scenery of his favourite haunts. Vesuvius blazed over the faded frescoes of the dilapi-

dated *guarda-roba*; and the old *loggia*, once the temple of aristocratic recreation, when the Casaccia was the palace of some Neapolitan prince, was converted into a panorama, representing the enchanting views it commanded of the bay, with its coasts, woods, and mountains.

"*Santo sacramento!*" exclaimed Madonna Giulia with upraised hands and eyes, as she entered the loggia to take her "fresca," or evening's draught of fresh air. "*Cosa stupenda!*" re-echoed the simple *signorine*, his sisters, in stupid wonder at their brother's talent and temerity: and the luckless Salvatoriello, for the studies he pursued and the studies he neglected, was doomed to do penance by attendance on matins, mass, and vespers in the great church of the Certosa, with pious punctuality, during the whole of the ensuing Lent.

'It happened that he one day brought with him, by mistake, his bundle of burned sticks, instead of his mother's brazen-clasped missal; and, in passing along the magnificent cloisters, sacred alike to religion and the arts, he applied them between the interstices of its Doric columns to the only unoccupied space on the pictured walls, which gold and ultramarine had not yet covered over.'

For this Salvator was flogged by the priesthood. Prohibited from cultivating his talents as an artist, he studied music, and made some proficiency, when an incident occurred which fixed his profession:—

'At one of the popular festivities annually celebrated at Naples in honour of the Madonna, the beauty of Rosa's elder sister captivated the attention of a young painter, who, though through life unknown to "fortune," was not even then "unknown to fame." The celebrated and unfortunate Francesco Francanzani, the innamorato of La Signorina Rosa, was a distinguished pupil of the Spagnuololetto school, and his picture of San Giuseppe for the Chiesa Pellegrini had already established him as one of the first painters of the day. Francanzani, like most of the young Neapolitan painters of his time, was a turbulent and factious character, vain and self-opinionated; and, though there was in his works a certain grandeur of style, with great force and depth of colouring, yet the impatience of his disappointed ambition, and indignation at the neglect of his acknowledged merit, already rendered him reckless of public opinion.

'It was the peculiar vanity of the painters of that day to have beautiful wives. Albano had set the example; Dominichino had followed it to his cost; Rubens turned it to the account of his profession; and Francanzani, still poor and struggling, married the portionless daughter of the most indigent artist in Naples, and thought perhaps more of the model than the wife. This union, and still more a certain sympathy in talent and character between the brothers-in-law, frequently carried Salvator to the *stanza*, or work-room, of Francesco. Francesco, by some years the elder, was then deep in the faction and intrigues of the

Neapolitan school; and was endowed with that bold eloquence, which, displayed upon bold occasions, is always so captivating to young auditors. It was at the foot of this kinsman's easel, and listening to details which laid, perhaps, the foundation of that contemptuous opinion he cherished through life for schools, academies, and all incorporated pedantry and pretension, that Salvator occasionally amused himself in copying, on any scrap of board or paper which fell in his way, whatever pleased him in Francesco's pictures. His long-latent genius, thus accidentally awakened, resembled the *acqua buja*, whose cold and placid surface kindles like spirits on the contact of a spark. In these first, rude, and hasty sketches, Francanzani, as Passeri informs us, saw "*molti segni d'un indole spiritosa*," ("great signs of talent and genius,") and he frequently encouraged, and sometimes corrected the copies which so nearly approached the originals. But Salvator, who was destined to imitate none, but to be imitated by many, soon grew impatient of repeating another's conceptions, and of following in an art in which he already perhaps felt, with prophetic throes, that he was born to lead. His visits to the workshop of Francanzani grew less frequent; his days were given to the scenes of his infant wanderings; he departed with the dawn, laden with his portfolio filled with primed paper, and a pallet covered with oil-colours: and it is said that even then he not only sketched, but coloured from nature.

The young artist soon afterwards fled 'from the vices and crimes of the social order of that day,'—to the bosom of the church? No—to the banditti of the Abruzzi, whose romantic scenery he had studied. Lady Morgan, however, vindicates him, and with some plausibility:—

'The event which most singularly marked the fearless enterprises of Salvator in the Abruzzi, was his captivity by the banditti, who alone inhabited them, and his temporary (and it is said voluntary) association with those fearful men. That he did for some time live among the picturesque outlaws, whose portraits he has multiplied without end, there is no doubt; and, though few of his biographers allude to the event, and those few but vaguely, yet tradition authenticates a fact, to which some of his finest pictures afford a circumstantial evidence. Salvator, who by temperament was an epicurean, was on system a Stoic; and even many of his profession and country, who might have pardoned his genius and his successes, never forgave him that rigid morality, those severe unbending principles, which in his precepts and his example shamed the vices of his contemporaries, while they secured him the respect of the first and best men of his age. His association, therefore, among the banditti of the Abruzzi, must have been a matter of accident in the first instance, and of necessity in the second; and he seems to have turned the singular event exclusively to the profit of his art, and to have derived

no other result from an adventure which, to a being so fanciful and imaginative, may not have been wholly destitute of charm, than an accumulation of those images to which his fame stands so largely indebted.

'The social and political position of the Neapolitan banditti in the beginning of the seventeenth century forms a curious trait in the history of that beautiful and unfortunate country, where despotism and lawlessness even still meet and agree in their extremes, and where the sovereign continues to tolerate an order (if he no longer avails himself of its assistance) which arises out of the misrule of his own government. In the remotest antiquity, the mountains of the Abruzzi were under the special protection of the god of all thieves, Mercury, as they are now in the holy keeping of Saint Gologaro, the Mercury of the Catholic mythology, and the especial patron of Calabria. The genuine banditti, however, of the seventeenth century, were no vulgar cut-throats, who, like the Maestrillos and Fra Diavolos of modern times, confined their exploits to road robbery and indiscriminate plunder and assassination. They were, in fact, more nearly allied to the brave bold Condottieri, and the black and white bands of Medici and of Suffolk, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and though, when unhired, they lived at large and wild, with their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them, yet they occasionally rivalled in dignity and importance the standing army of existing legimates, fighting like them for hire in any cause that paid them, and attacking the rights and liberties of all who stood in the way of the ambition, cupidity, or despotism of their employers, with all the pride, pomp, and circumstances of legitimate warfare. Like the marine letter of marque, half-pirate and half-national, their troops were regularly enrolled and disciplined; and, though their ranks were filled with the wild and the worthless—with men born out of the pale of civilized society, or driven beyond it by their crimes,—yet many among them were of a superior cast: they were outlawed gentlemen of Naples, escaped from the wheel and the scaffold, to which their efforts in the cause of their country had condemned them; who, seeking shelter in the savage wilds of the Abruzzi, became, by their talents and rank, chiefs and leaders of men associated and armed against society under the influence of far different causes. It is an historical fact, that the number, skill, valour, and fidelity of these bands had rendered them, at the period here alluded to, so formidable in the eyes of the Austro-Spanish government, and so respectable in the estimation of the people, that, by a strange inversion of principle, these natural enemies of society frequently became its chosen champions; and even the government, against whom they were so often and so openly at variance, was glad to take them into pay, and employ them in its service. When, however, they were in hostility to the legitimate cause, the same government pur-

sued them with regular troops to the verge of their inaccessible fastnesses; and burnt, tortured, and hung the same persons as enemies, whom they had previously recompensed and encouraged as allies.'

(To be continued).

A few Remarks on the Question of the Right to Publish the Proceedings on the Coroner's Inquisition; with an Examination of the Case of the King v. Fleet. 8vo. pp. 49. London, 1824.

THE principal subject of this pamphlet being one that has excited very general interest, together with its intrinsic importance, induce us to devote a larger space to its consideration than we commonly allow to more voluminous productions, and feel ourselves well justified by the able and lucid manner in which its author—evidently practised in forensic matters—has treated the inquiry.—He introduces his remarks with observing, that—

'The advance of population and wealth has been so considerable within these few years, and the benefits of education have been so widely extended, that the extraordinary increase of daily and weekly publications cannot, when traced to such causes, be matter of much astonishment. It may be true that, since the war, the circulation of those newspapers which were most celebrated for their early foreign intelligence has in some degree been circumscribed; but it is equally certain that the circulation of those whose columns are principally devoted to subjects of domestic interest has proportionably increased; and the former, who, during the war, could hardly condescend to bestow their attention to any matters of less consequence than foreign news or political or constitutional discussions, are now obliged to lower their pretensions, and to dwell upon the details of a murder with as much particularity as they were accustomed to collect the reports of a victory.'

The writer's next observation—that public taste is always dependent upon and formed by the papers of the day—is an opinion less sound than his general argument. The public taste is more probably formed by education and by the study of the sterling works of art as well as of literature that are to be found in the public and private depositories of this enlightened country. But to proceed: the author says there is no subject which at the present moment seems to attract so much attention as that which seeks to ascertain what limits the law has set to the right of reporting legal proceedings; he justly estimates its constitutional importance, and quotes the opinion of Mr. Justice Lawrence:—

"Though the publication of such proceedings may be to the disadvantage of the particular individual concerned, yet it is of vast importance to the public that the proceedings of courts of justice should be universally known. The general advantage to the country in having these proceedings made public more than counterbalances the inconveniences to the private persons whose

conduct in proceedings."

'This right to the proceedings, though so long has never been noticed; but, though not always been cognised.'

The cases are next enumerated, and

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'This right,' says our author, 'to publish the proceedings of our courts of justice, though sometimes limited and explained, has never been denied, nor even questioned; but, on the contrary, whenever it has been noticed and commented upon, although not in express terms declared, it has always been virtually and substantially recognised.'

The cases that bear upon the question are next examined with considerable acuteness, and our author then observes:—

'When the coroner's inquisition is spoken of as a proceeding leading to another inquiry, and founded on *ex parte* evidence, one is naturally led to consider it in substance as not differing from an examination before a magistrate; which, according to the terms in which Mr. Justice Bayley expresses himself, does "lead to a second inquiry, and proceeds upon evidence taken wholly *ex parte*, and in which the party accused has no opportunity for cross-examination." The proceedings, however, upon a coroner's inquest and upon an examination before a magistrate are essentially distinguishable from each other; and nothing can prove more plainly that the learned judge has not truly characterized the coroner's inquisition, than by showing that he has most correctly and accurately defined something altogether different from it. The grand feature of distinction between the coroner's inquisition and the examination before a magistrate is, that the magistrate is directed to hear only such evidence as is necessary to prove the felony; whereas the coroner is to hear evidence on both sides: this I should have thought clear, from the circumstance that the verdict of the jury is founded upon the evidence; and surely no conscientious man could, on his oath, assert his belief of a fact, unless he heard evidence on both sides.'

Mr. Justice Bayley's opinion, just given, is ably combated, and Lord Hale's quoted in opposition, in which that great lawyer says,—

"The coroner's inquest ought, in all cases, to hear the evidence upon oath, as well that which maketh for as that which maketh against the prisoner, and the whole evidence ought to be returned with the inquisition."

From these and other well-digested points, our author clearly distinguishes between depositions before a magistrate and before a coroner's court, and argues forcibly for the legality of publishing the proceedings of the latter, in the same manner as those of superior courts, while the former are indefensible. We must give one more extract in illustration, but recommend our readers to the pamphlet itself for the arguments which support the author's doctrine:—

'Whatever takes place before the magistrate is, in contemplation of law, secret; and, though the magistrate may choose to admit fifty or a hundred people, their admission does not, legally speaking, make

the proceedings less secret: they are admitted by the magistrate in his individual, and not in his magisterial character. He has no power to throw open those doors which the law declares shall be closed; and, even though he were to give his permission for the proceedings before him to be published, or even go so far as to direct the publication, still I apprehend, if it reflected upon the character of an individual, or was likely to prejudice the defence of the accused, the Court of King's Bench could not hesitate, notwithstanding the peculiar circumstances of the case, to grant a criminal information against the publisher. Supposing this view of the case to be well founded, and that the circumstance of the magistrate's examination being secret is a ground for the publication being prohibited, such a reason does not apply to the court of the coroner, which is an open court, and where the whole people of England are, in contemplation of law, present.—The publication, therefore, of what takes place there has, as it was well said in the argument in the case of the King v. Clement, the effect of increasing, as it were, the size of a court of justice.—If it be the principle of law that all have a right to be present in that court to hear what takes place, it seems to follow that all have a right to be informed of what takes place, though not actually present; because it is absurd to say, that what I have a right to know, another man has not a right to tell me;—if this be not the case, where is the line to be drawn?—Can the publicity of our judicial proceedings be limited by or be dependent upon the size of the court where they are going forward? Is justice to be less publicly administered in a county where the court happens to be small, than in another where it happens to be large? Such a notion cannot be founded either in law or in reason; if, however, those who were present have a right to retail what they heard and witnessed, surely it is the policy of the law to encourage the diffusion of such reports as are most likely to be correct and impartial.'

Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe. By J. C. L. SISMONDI. Translated by THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq. Vols. III. and IV.

(Continued from p. 114.)

FROM Don Quixote M. Sismondi passes to the dramatic works of Cervantes, in which he had to contend with that most fertile of all dramatists, Lope de Vega. In the preface to his historical comedies, Cervantes gives a singular picture of the Spanish drama; alluding to Lope de Rueda, a gold-beater of Seville, who became celebrated as a scholar and an actor, Cervantes says:—

'Although I could not judge of the excellence of his poems, for I was then but a child, yet some of them still remain in my memory; and, recalling these at a riper age, they appear to me to be worthy of their reputation. In the time of this celebrated Spaniard, all the apparatus of a dramatist

and a manager was contained in a bag, and consisted of four white cloaks, bordered with gilt leather, for shepherds, four beards and wigs, and four crooks, more or less. The dramas were mere dialogues, or eclogues, between two or three shepherds and a shepherdess; and these conversations were enlivened and prolonged by two or three interludes, in which negresses were introduced as confidantes, or go-betweens; and, occasionally, some clowns and Biscayans made their appearance. At this time there was no scenery; no combats between Moors and Christians, on horseback and on foot; no trap-doors, by which figures might appear to rise from the centre of the earth. The stage was merely composed of four square blocks of wood, upon which rested five or six planks, so as to elevate the actors a foot or two above the ground. No angels or spirits descended in clouds from heaven. The sole ornament of the theatre was an old curtain, supported at both ends by strings, which separated the dressing-room from the audience. At the back were placed the musicians, who sang, without any guitar, some ancient ballad. Lope de Rueda at last died, and, on account of his celebrity and excellence, was buried between the two choirs in the great church at Cordova, where he died, in the same place where that renowned madman, Luis Lopez, is interred. Naharro, a native of Toledo, succeeded Lope de Rueda. He attained great celebrity, more especially in his representation of a meddling poltroon. Naharro added something to the scenic decorations, and changed the bag, in which the wardrobe was contained, for trunks and portmanteaus. He introduced the music upon the stage, which had been formerly placed in the background, and he took away the beards from the actors; for until his time no actor ever appeared without a false beard. He wished all his actors to appear undisguised, with the exception of those who represented old men or changed their characters. He invented scenes, clouds, thunder, lightning, challenges, and combats; but nothing of this kind was carried to the perfection which at this day we behold (and it is here that I must trespass upon my modesty), until the time when the theatre of Madrid exhibited the Captives of Algiers, which is my own composition, Numantia, and the Naval Engagement. It is there that I made an attempt to reduce the comedies of five acts into three. I was the first to represent the phantoms of the imagination, and the hidden thoughts of the soul, by introducing figures of them upon the stage, with the universal applause of the spectators. I composed during this period from twenty to thirty dramas, all of which were represented without a single cucumber or orange, or any other missile usually aimed at bad comedians, being thrown at the actors. They proceeded through their parts without hisses, without confusion, and without clamour. I was at length occupied with other matters, and I laid down my pen and forsook the drama. In the mean

time appeared that prodigy, Lope de Vega, who immediately assumed the dramatic crown. He reduced under his dominion all the farce-writers, and filled the world with excellent and well-contrived comedies, of which he wrote so many, that they could not be comprised in ten thousand pages. What is no less surprising, he himself saw them all represented, or was credibly assured they had been so. All his rivals together had not written a moiety of what he himself achieved alone.

Out of twenty or thirty plays written by Cervantes, the tragedy of Numantia, and the comedy of Life in Algiers, are the only two that have been preserved. They approach more nearly the Greek drama than our own, and although the tragedy is full of energy and patriotism; yet the comedy is entirely deficient in that humour which the author has displayed in his inimitable romance. Contemporary with Cervantes, was Don Alonzo de Ercilla y Zunega, the author of an epic poem, called Araucana, and founded on the war against the Araucans, in South America, where Ercilla served when only twenty-two years of age:—

‘It was in the middle of this war that Ercilla undertook, with all the ardour of youth, to compose an epic poem on it. This idea he pursued in the midst of all the dangers and fatigues of the expedition. In a wild and uncultivated country, and in the presence of an enemy, his days and nights were passed in the open air. He continued, nevertheless, the composition of his poem, noting down the adventures of the day, sometimes on scraps of paper which he had by chance preserved, which would scarcely contain half a dozen lines, and sometimes on pieces of parchment or skin which he found in the cabins of the savages.

‘In this manner he completed the first fifteen cantos, or first part of his work. He was scarcely thirty years of age when he returned to Spain, to indulge the fond idea that he had secured his fame, both as a warrior and a poet. He anxiously waited for the grateful acknowledgments of his sovereign and his country; but the sullen monarch, to whom he dedicated his Araucana, deigned not to notice either his verses or his valour.’

Ercilla afterwards added two other parts to his poem, but with no better success, and died in poverty. Not so Lope de Vega, who necessarily occupies a large portion of M. Sismondi's work, and who was born at Madrid, on the 25th of November, 1562. His relations were noble, and gave him a liberal education. After being twice married and serving in the army for some time, he determined to enter into orders:—

‘Notwithstanding this change, he continued to the end of his life to cultivate poetry with so wonderful a facility, that a drama of more than two thousand lines, intermingled with sonnets, *terza rima*, and *ottava rima*, and enlivened with all kinds of unexpected incidents and intrigues, frequently cost him no more than the labour of a single day. He tells us himself that

he has produced more than a hundred plays, which were represented within four and twenty hours after their first conception. We must not forget what we have before said of the wonderful facility of the Italian improvisatori; and it is not more difficult to compose in the Spanish metres. In the time of Lope de Vega, there existed many Castilian improvisatori, who expressed themselves in verse with the same ease as in prose. Lope was the most remarkable of those improvisatori; for the task of versification seems never to have retarded his progress. His friend and biographer Montalvan, has remarked that he composed more rapidly than his amanuensis could copy. The managers of the theatres, who always kept him on the spur, left him no time either to read or to correct his compositions. He thus, with inconceivable fertility, produced eighteen hundred comedies and four hundred *Autos sacramentales*; in all two thousand two hundred dramas, of which about three hundred alone have been published in twenty five volumes in quarto. His other poems were reprinted at Madrid in 1776 under the title of the Detached Works (*Obras Sueltas*) of Lope de Vega, in twenty-one volumes in quarto.’

‘No poet has ever, in his life-time, enjoyed so much glory. Whenever he showed himself abroad, the crowd surrounded him, and saluted him with the appellation of the prodigy of nature. Children followed him with cries of pleasure, and every eye was fixed upon him. The religious college of Madrid, of which he was a member, elected him their president, (*Capellan mayor*.) Pope Urban VIII. presented him with the Cross of Malta, the title of Doctor of Theology, and the diploma of Treasurer of the Apostolic Chamber; marks of distinction which he owed at least as much to his fanatical zeal, as to his poems. The Inquisition, too, appointed him one of its familiars. In the midst of the homage thus rendered to his talents, he died on the twenty-sixth of August, 1635, having attained the age of seventy-three. His obsequies were celebrated with even royal pomp. Three bishops in their pontifical habits officiated for three days at the funeral of the Spanish Phoenix, as he is called in the title-page of his comedies. It has been calculated that he wrote more than twenty-one millions three hundred thousand lines, upon a hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and twenty-two sheets of paper.’

As we shall not attempt to make an analysis of a work which analyses, and that so ably, the literature of nations, we shall make no apology in quitting Spain for Portugal and passing from Lope de Vega to Luis de Camoens, stopping only in our way to glean an extract or two. The Portuguese pay no attention to agriculture:—

‘In the finest country in the world, a land covered with orange groves, and upon whose hills the most exquisite vines seem to invite the hand of the inhabitant, we are surprised to observe that agriculture should have ob-

tained so small a share of the public inquiry and regard. One side of the fine banks of the Tagus is at this day almost uncultivated; and we proceed over a spacious and fertile plain, without even meeting with a cottage, a blade of corn, or the slightest appearance of human industry and existence. The open grounds are devoid of pasturage, and, compared with the rest of the population, the number of the shepherds is very great; inso-much that the Portuguese have, indeed, some grounds for considering a rural life as always connected with the care of guarding flocks.’

M. Sismondi enters at considerable length into a critical examination of the *Lusiad* of Camoens, which is too well known through the medium of translation to render it necessary for us to dwell on it. The author also notices the other poets Portugal has produced, and gives an inedited poem by J. A. Da Cunha, who was better known as a mathematician than a poet, though possessing considerable talents as both. In noticing the historians, M. Sismondi has some just reflections on the intolerance that has marked the Portuguese character, one instance of which we quote:—

‘It is painful to contemplate with what rapidity fanaticism and intolerance, when once excited amongst the people, exceed the views even of their promoters. On the occasion of a newly converted Jew, in the year 1506, who had appeared to disbelieve in some miracle, the people of Lisbon rose, and, having assassinated him burnt his dead body in the public square. A monk, in the midst of the tumult, addressed the populace, exhorting them not to rest satisfied with so slight a vengeance, in return for such an insult offered to our Lord. Two other monks then raising the crucifix, placed themselves at the head of the seditious mob, crying aloud only these words: “Heresy! heresy! Exterminate! exterminate!” And during the three following days, two thousand of the newly converted, men, women, and children, were put to the sword, and their reeking limbs, yet warm and palpitating, burnt in the public places of the city. The same fanaticism extending to the armies, converted Portuguese soldiers into the executioners of infidels and the tyrants of the East.’

It may be necessary to add that the two volumes now published complete M. Sismondi's excellent work, which contains an able and comprehensive view of the literature of the South of Europe. To Mr. Roscoe great praise is due for his spirited translation, not only of the prose of Sismondi, but, on many occasions, of the extracts from the original.

Aspersions Answered; an Explanatory Statement, addressed to the Public at Large, and to every Reader of the Quarterly Review in particular. By WILLIAM HONE. 8vo. pp. 68. London, 1824.

WHATEVER the religious or political opinions of Mr. Hone may be, we believe the world would have long ceased to be troubled with either, had it chosen to let him alone; and we cannot but consider it as the most wanton cruelty to force him

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before the public, when he has manifested so strong a wish to be left to his regular pursuits as a tradesman. With Mr. Hone's quarrel with *The Quarterly Review*, we have nothing to do: although we certainly, in reading the notice of his Apocryphal New Testament in that journal, did consider it rather as an attack on the author than a review of his book. Mr. Hone goes further than this; and, in the pamphlet before us, he detects the reviewer in some gross misrepresentations, and accuses him, with some degree of justice, of a want of candour.

There is another subject treated of in this pamphlet, in which Mr. Hone has been more personally ill treated than in *The Quarterly Review*. We recollect, some months ago, reading, with feelings of surprise and disgust, a letter in one of the daily papers, purporting to be a circular signed by three lawyers, in behalf of Mr. Hone, a brother barrister, soliciting relief, and stating, in the most obnoxious manner, that he had been reduced to distress in consequence of his being known to be the brother of Mr. Hone, the bookseller, who had been prosecuted for writing parodies: it ought to have been added, that he was thrice acquitted. For some time Mr. Hone took no notice of this, but at length felt compelled to do it, and wrote to his brother on the subject. The following is the most important part of his answer:—

‘MY DEAR WILLIAM,—You have called my attention to the following passage in the circular, which, to my great regret, has lately appeared in some public newspapers, namely, “So far is Mr. Hone from adopting his brother’s religious or political opinions, that he actually abandoned his society after having made the most affectionate and earnest, though unavailing, protests against his proceedings.” You consider that this passage is open to the construction, that I abandoned your society in consequence of *irreligious* opinions or conduct on your part, during the time we were associated: you ask me to explain that part of the circular, which I do the more readily on account of the anxiety you express concerning it.

“In our former familiar conversations, you have sometimes questioned parts of the text of the Old and New Testament, and controverted certain doctrines; this led to the differences which usually arise on discussions between persons of opposite theological principles: however, I did not understand you to reject Christianity, or to deny or impugn the genuineness or authenticity of the Old or New Testament as a whole. Since your trials, numerous imputations of irreligion have, as you are aware, been publicly urged against you; but, if it be inferred that, as your brother, and from my private knowledge of your sentiments on religious subjects, during our intercourse within that period, I knew those imputations to be true, the inference is erroneous; yet your silence under them for the last three years or more induced

me, in common with many other persons, to conclude that you admitted the charge, and hence, during the latter period, I have abstained from having any further intercourse with you, although my brotherly regards were far, very far, from being extinguished.”

Thus satisfactorily does Mr. Hone, answer the aspersions on his character, by the best of all possible evidence; and, as he expresses a determination to write no more vindications, we hope he will cease to be attacked.

COWPER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

(Concluded from p. 117.)

THE second volume of Cowper's Correspondence consists principally of letters to his friend, the Rev. John Newton, and a few to Mr. Hill and Mrs. King. Several of these letters relate to his own works. In one of them he complains that the Lord Chancellor Thurlow and George Colman (with whom he was acquainted) had not condescended to acknowledge the copies he had presented to them. His account of his own feelings on first commencing author are interesting: in a letter to Mr. Newton, dated August 6, 1785, he says:—

‘I found your account of what you experienced in your state of maiden authorship very entertaining, because very natural. I suppose that no man ever made his first sally from the press without a conviction, that all eyes and ears would be engaged to attend him; at least, without a thousand anxieties, lest they should not. But, however arduous and interesting such an enterprise may be in the first instance, it seems to me that our feelings on the occasion soon become obtuse. I can answer, at least, for one. Mine are by no means what they were when I published my first volume. I am even so indifferent to the matter, that I can truly assert myself guiltless of the very idea of my book sometimes whole days together. God knows that, my mind having been occupied more than twelve years in the contemplation of the most distressing subjects, the world, and its opinion of what I write, is become as unimportant to me as the whistling of a bird in a bush. Despair made amusement necessary, and I found poetry the most agreeable amusement. Had I not endeavoured to perform my best, it would not have amused me at all. The mere blotting of so much paper would have been but indifferent sport. God gave me grace also to wish that I might not write in vain. Accordingly, I have mingled much truth with much trifle; and such truths as deserved, at least, to be clad as well and as handsomely as I could clothe them. If the world approve me not, so much the worse for them, but not for me. I have only endeavoured to serve them, and the loss will be their own. And as to their commendations, if I should chance to win them, I feel myself equally invulnerable there. The view that I have had of myself for many years has been so truly humiliating that I think the praises of all mankind could not hurt me. God knows that I speak my present

sense of the matter at least most truly, when I say, that the admiration of creatures like myself, seems to me a weapon the least dangerous that my worst enemy could employ against me. I am fortified against it by such solidity of real self-abasement, that I deceive myself most egregiously, if I do not heartily despise it.’

In the same letter he sends him his John Gilpin, the publication of which he thinks the world will ascribe to his vanity. Johnson at first hesitated to print this ballad with the *Task*—it had become so hacknied; but afterwards neither the author nor the bookseller had cause to regret their being yoked together in the press.

In one of his letters to Mr. Newton, on his memoir of his niece, after remarking ‘I had rather have been your niece or the writer of her story than any Cæsar that ever thundered,’ he has a very playful attack on Robert Heron's *Letters on Literature*, in which the latter gentleman was as severe on Homer and Virgil, as Mr. Cobbett has since been on Shakspeare and Milton:—

‘The vanity of human attainments was never so conspicuously exemplified as in the present day. The sagacious moderns make discoveries, which, how useful they may prove to themselves I know not; certainly they do no honour to the ancients. Homer and Virgil have enjoyed (if the dead have any such enjoyments) an unrivalled reputation as poets, through a long succession of ages: but it is now shrewdly suspected that Homer did not compose the poems for which he has been so long applauded; and it is even asserted, by a certain Robert Heron, Esq., that Virgil never wrote a line worth reading. He is a pitiful plagiarist; he is a servile imitator, a bungler in his plan, and has not a thought in his whole work that will bear examination. In short, he is any thing but what the literati for two thousand years have taken him to be—a man of genius and a fine writer. I fear that Homer's case is desperate. After the lapse of so many generations, it would be a difficult matter to elucidate a question which time and modern ingenuity together combine to puzzle. And I suppose that it were in vain for an honest plain man to inquire, if Homer did not write the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, who did? The answer would undoubtedly be—It is no matter; he did not: which is all that I undertook to prove. For Virgil, however, there still remains some consolation. The very same Mr. Heron, who finds no beauties in the *Æneid*, discovers not a single instance of the sublime in scripture. Particularly he says, speaking of the prophets, that Ezekiel, although the filthiest of all writers, is the best of them. He, therefore, being the first of the learned who has reproached even the style of the scriptures, may possibly make the fewer proselytes to his judgment of the heathen writer. For my own part, at least, had I been accustomed to doubt whether the *Æneid* were a noble composition or not, this gentleman would at once have decided the question for me; and I should have been immediately assured, that a work must necessarily

abound in beauties that had the happiness to displease a censorer of the word of God. What enterprises will not inordinate passion for fame suggest? It prompted one man to fire the Temple of Ephesus; another, to fling himself into a volcano; and now has induced this wicked and unfortunate squire either to deny his own feelings, or to publish to all the world that he has no feelings at all.

The playful humour in which Cowper lashes Mr. Heron in prose appears to have afterwards yielded to asserting of indignation in verse; as will be seen by the following lines, which the editor found in the poet's own hand-writing among his papers.

'On the Author of Letters on Literature.'

'The Genius of th' Augustan age
His head among Rome's ruins rear'd,
And, bursting with heroic rage,
When literary Heron appear'd,—

"Thou hast," he cried, "like him of old
Who set th' Ephesian dome on fire,
By being scandalously bold,
Attain'd the mark of thy desire ;

"And for traducing Virgil's name
Shalt share his merited reward,—
A perpetuity of fame,
That rots and stinks and is abhor'd."

In the same letter he describes an entertaining sport the boys at Olney have, on the fifth of November:—

'They call it Hockey; and it consists in dashing each other with mud, and the windows also, so that I am forced to rise now and then, and to threaten them with a horsewhip to preserve our own. We know that the Roman boys whipped tops, trundled the hoop, and played at tennis; but I believe we nowhere read that they delighted in these filthy aspersions: I am inclined, therefore, to give to the slovenly but ingenious youths of Olney full credit for the invention. It will be well if the Sunday-school may civilize them to a taste for more refined amusements.'

The friends of the slave-trade abolition were very anxious to enlist the Muses on their side; and a living poet is making the same effort now, to abolish the use of climbing boys. Burns was applied to for a song, and, had the gentleman who asked the favour made more allowance for the failings of the poet (from which, it is said, he was not on that occasion altogether free), he would have had one. Cowper, we also find by these letters was applied to, but refused on the ground that it was not a promising theme for verse, and that he could not contemplate the subject very nearly without a degree of abhorrence that affected his spirits. Mrs. King, in one of her letters, asked Cowper's opinion of Thomson, to which he replies:—

'Do you consider what you do, when you ask one poet his opinion of another? Yet I think I can give you an honest answer to your question, and without the least wish to nibble. Thomson was admirable in description; but it always seemed to me that there was somewhat of affectation in his style, and that his numbers are sometimes not well harmonized. I could wish, too, with Dr. Johnson, that he had confined

himself to this country, for when he describes what he never saw, one is forced to read him with some allowance for possible misrepresentation. He was, however, a true poet, and his lasting fame has proved it. Believe me, my dear madam, with my best respects to Mr. King, most truly yours,
'W. C.'

In another letter to the same lady, he gives a playful account of the manner in which he spent his time:—

'To Mrs. King.

'MY DEAR MADAM,—You are perfectly secure from all danger of being overwhelmed with presents from me. It is not much that a poet can possibly have in his power to give. When he has presented his own works, he may be supposed to have exhausted all means of donation. They are his only superfluity. There was a time, but that time was before I commenced writer for the press, when I amused myself in a way somewhat similar to yours; allowing, I mean, for the difference between masculine and female operations. The scissors and the needle are your chief implements; mine were the chisel and the saw. In those days you might have been in some danger of too plentiful a return for your favours. Tables, such as they were, and joint-stools such as never were, might have travelled to Perton Hall in most inconvenient abundance. But I have long since discontinued this practice, and many others which I found it necessary to adopt, that I might escape the worst of all evils, both in itself and in its consequences—an idle life. Many arts I have exercised with this view, for which nature never designed me; though among them were some in which I arrived at considerable proficiency, by mere dint of the most heroic perseverance. There is not a squire in all this country who can boast of having made more squirrel-houses, hutches for rabbits, or bird-cages, than myself; and in the article of cabbage-nets, I had no superior. I even had the hardiness to take in hand the pencil, and studied a whole year the art of drawing. Many figures were the fruit of my labours, which had, at least, the merit of being unparalleled by any production either of art or nature. But before the year was ended, I had occasion to wonder at the progress that may be made, in despite of natural deficiency, by dint alone of practice; for I actually produced three landscapes, which a lady thought worthy to be framed and glazed. I then judged it high time to exchange this occupation for another, lest, by any subsequent productions of inferior merit, I should forfeit the honour I had so fortunately acquired. But gardening was, of all employments, that in which I succeeded best; though even in this I did not suddenly attain perfection. I began with lettuces and cauliflowers: from them I proceeded to cucumbers; next to melons. I then purchased an orange tree, to which, in due time, I added two or three myrtles. These served me day and night with employment during a whole severe winter. To defend them from the frost, in a situation that exposed them to its severity,

cost me much ingenuity and much attendance. I contrived to give them a fire heat; and have waded night after night through the snow, with the bellows under my arm, just before going to bed, to give the latest possible puff to the embers, lest the frost should seize them before morning. Very minute beginnings have sometimes important consequences. From nursing two or three little evergreens, I became ambitious of a green-house, and accordingly built one; which, verse excepted, afforded me amusement for a longer time than any expedient of all the many to which I have fled for refuge from the misery of having nothing to do. When I left Olney for Weston, I could no longer have a green-house of my own; but in a neighbour's garden I find a better, of which the sole management is consigned to me.'

In one of Cowper's letters, there is an anecdote of Lord Thurlow, relating to the king's indisposition, in 1788:—

'The lord chancellor called the other morning on Lord Stafford: entering the room, he threw his hat into a sofa at the fire-side, and, clasping his hands, said, "I have heard of distress, and I have read of it; but I never saw distress equal to that of the queen."

We shall only make another extract: it is an entire letter, but a brief and playful one.

'To John Johnson, Esq.

'*To Paan!*

'MY DEAREST JOHNNY,—Even as you foretold, so it came to pass. On Tuesday I received your letter, and on Tuesday came the pheasants; for which I am indebted in many thanks, as well as Mrs. Unwin, both to your kindness and to your kind friend, Mr. Copeman.

'In Copeman's ear this truth let Echo tell,—
"Immortal bards like mortal pheasants well!"
And, when his clerkship's out, I wish him heirs
Of golden clients for his golden birds.

'Our friends, the Courtenays, have never dined with us since their marriage, *because* we have never asked them; and we have never asked them, *because* poor Mrs. Unwin is not so equal to the task of providing for and entertaining company as before this last illness. But this is no objection to the arrival here of a bustard; rather it is a cause for which we shall be particularly glad to see the monster. It will be a handsome present to *them*. So let the bustard come, as the lord mayor of London said to the hare, when he was hunting,—let her come, a' God's name: I am not afraid of her.

'Adieu, my dear cousin and caterer. My eyes terribly bad; else I had much more to say to you.

'Ever affectionately yours, W. C.'

These truly charming volumes, are so illustrative of the true character of Cowper, that they are an almost indispensable appendage to his memoirs. Two engravings, of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, are prefixed to the volumes, of which we now take our public leave, though we suspect we shall often recur to them for our more personal gratification.

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THE PAMPHLETEER,—No. XLV.

We have always considered the Pamphleteer as a valuable documentary work, which ought to be in the library of all politicians and merchants. The last number may take a wider range, for there is great diversity in the articles. What we meet with first is Good (our readers may determine whether we speak punningly or not) on the Tread-Mill; then comes Lord Erskine on the Greeks,—his last effort in the cause of public liberty; and we have afterwards Greece in 1821 and 1822, described in the ‘*Ah mon ami*’ style of French epistolary correspondence. The French language is certainly pretty generally known in England, but we do think it extremely slovenly in the editor of the Pamphleteer, that he does not translate the pamphlets which he thinks worth reprinting: if he wants to preserve the spirit of the original, the same reason would hold good for reprinting an article from the Chaldee, the Syriac, or the Gaelic. The trial of Eugene Aram is an *ad captandum* article, which the editor appears to have been called on to publish, in consequence of the recent trial and execution of that ruffian murderer, Thurtell; though why it was called for we know not, since there was not the slightest analogy between the two cases, or the individuals who murdered or were murdered. Thomas Wigram’s Elements of the Kantian Transcendent Philosophy we pass over, though the author illustrates Lord Byron. The noble bard says ‘this is the age of cant,’ and Mr. Wigram gives us a map of the human mind according to K (c) ant. Sir James Laurence (a poetical correspondent of the *Literary Chronicle*) has an original article,—‘on the Nobility of the British Gentry, or the Political Ranks and Dignities of the British Empire, compared with those on the Continent.’ The object of this article is to prove, and Sir James does it very satisfactorily from a host of authorities, that the peers are not the only nobility of England; but that, on the contrary, every family entitled to bear arms is noble; but we shall let the author speak for himself:

‘It has been asserted by envy or ignorance, that the peers are the only nobility in the British empire. This assertion has been repeated on the Continent, and particularly in France, by those who wish to inculcate the inutility of the ancient noblesse. This assertion, however unfounded, has done injury to individuals, and is derogatory to the honour, not only of the gentry, but of the peers themselves. For the gentry being the nursery-garden from which the peers are usually transplanted, if the peers were to date their nobility from the elevation of their ancestors to the upper house, what upstarts would their lordships appear in the opinion of the pettiest baron on the continent!’

‘Russia is said to contain 580 thousand nobles; Austria, on a late enumeration, 239 thousand male nobles; and Spain, in 1785, contained 479 thousand nobles; and France at the revolution 365 thousand noble families, of which 4120 families were of ancient gentility.

‘A French author has asserted there are only about 300 nobles in Great Britain. Had he said, there are only 300 peers, he might have been tolerably correct; but there are, according to the statement produced in 1798, when the subject of armorial bearings was before parliament, in England 9458 families intitled to bear arms, in Scotland 4000; now all these families are noble. “*Nobiles sunt*,” says Sir Edward Coke, “*qui arma gentilicia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt*.”

‘Gentility is superior to nobility; gentility must be innate, nobility may be acquired; noblemen may be only persons of rank and distinction; but gentlemen must be persons of family and quality; *Fit nobilis, nascitur generosus*.

‘Nobility means notability; noble is worthy of notice, or of being known. Any individual who distinguishes himself may be said to ennoble himself. A prince, judging an individual worthy of notice, gave him letters patent of nobility. In these letters were blazoned the arms that were to distinguish his shield. By this shield he was to be known, or *nobilis*. A plebeian had no blazonry on his shield, because he was *ignobilis*, or unworthy of notice. In an age when a warrior was cased in armour from head to foot, he could only be known by his shield. The plebeian, who had no pretension to be known, was *clypeo ignobilis albo*. Hence arms are the criterion of nobility. Every nobleman must have a shield of arms. Whoever has a shield of arms is a nobleman.’

Sir James says the landed proprietors are in every country the natural nobility, and that—

‘Those who possessed not an acre of land endeavoured to pass for land-holders by tacking in Germany *von*, in France *de*, before their names. This was frequently absurd in the extreme. An individual named Taylor, Smith, or Miller, called himself as it were Mr. of Taylor, of Smith, or of Miller; as if Taylor, Smith, or Miller, were the names of a manor; or endeavoured to lessen the absurdity by adding to his mechanical name a local termination. Hence in Germany the ennobled Mr. Schneider (Taylor) called himself Baron von Schneidersdorf (Taylor’s thorp or village); Mr. Schmidt, Baron von Schmidtfelt; Mr. Müller, Baron von Müllersbach (Müllersbrook), and so forth; though it would have puzzled them to say in what circle of the holy empire Schneidersdorf or Schmidtfelt or Müllersbach were to be found. In some provinces in Germany nobles only are permitted to purchase noble estates, or knights’ fees (*rittergat*). In other provinces a plebeian purchaser must have himself ennobled. And in the course of things, to those families in America that have inherited landed property from generation to generation, will be paid that respect which will compensate for the European system of nobility.’

Sir James, who contends strongly for the aristocracy of birth, says—

‘So many trades-people, shop-keepers, &c. have lately, instead of going to Margate

in the hoy, swarmed over to France in the steam-boat, and have presumed to call themselves gentlefolks, that the police at Calais and Paris have been puzzled what to style them on their passports. They therefore adopted for every nondescript of this kind, the English word *gentleman*, as if the word would not admit of a translation. This, however flattering to a pseudo-gentleman, is an insult to which no real *gentil-homme* should submit.’

‘The necessity of the British gentry’s asserting their nobility increases as the connexion of Great Britain with the continent increases. The Seven Islands are under British protection. They have a numerous nobility, and when a governor, or lord commissioner arrives at his post, without doubt the first question that the inhabitants ask is: “Is his excellency noble?” He is possibly one of the most illustrious families in Europe, but he may be no peer, and people have taken it into their heads, that in the British empire the peers only are noble. The inhabitants, conceiving the appointment of a roturier or plebeian an insult offered to themselves, scarce stifle in public that disdain to which they give loose in their coteries. If this be disadvantageous to the governor, what must it be to those who hold military or civil posts under him? Every petty noble in every paltry office will hold themselves superior to our gentlemen, the antiquity of whose families would have qualified them for Doges of Venice.’

We shall conclude Sir James’s ingenious essay by quoting an amusing anecdote of German nobility:—

‘A German lawyer, having acquired a fortune during the existence of the imperial chamber at Wetzlar, was about to marry the only daughter of a brother lawyer. He sent, therefore, to Vienna a hundred ducats or a hundred Louis (for people desire to make with the Herald’s Office the best bargain that they can) and solicited for letters patent of nobility. The father of the bride, being also ambitious of having his daughter a baroness, sent another sum to another agent at Vienna, who also procured letters of nobility for his future son-in-law. The ceremony being over, bride and bridegroom, equally impatient to produce an agreeable surprise, presented each other their respective diplomas, bound as usual in crimson velvet, printed on vellum, and furnished with arms, coronet, and supporters, “*Je vous salue, Monsieur le Baron*”—“*Je vous salue, Madame la Baronne*,” they cried in one breath, each expecting the thanks of the other; when, to the mortification of both parties, to the amusement of the wags of Wetzlar, and to the emolument of the heralds at Vienna, it was ascertained that the bridegroom had been ennobled twice over.’

The last article in the Pamphleteer is on the legality of impressing seamen, by Mr. Butler, of Lincoln’s Inn, and Lord Sandwich; and, certainly, if precedents and usage almost immemorial constituted legality, impressment would be legal. We do not think, however, that precedents should

be put in the scale of humanity; and we have no doubt that, were impressments abolished, our navy would be as easily manned by recruiting, as our army is kept up by the same means.

ORIGINAL.

ON THE PLEASURES OF ILLNESS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

THE perception of those pleasures and pains which are more properly imaginative than real, varies according to the disposition, peculiar constitution, and education of men. Some seem to have a tacit antipathy to pleasurable, others to painful perceptions. The one sympathizes with the gloominess of Dante, the other with the gayeties and pleasantries of Byron. That the latter is most desirable cannot be doubted, inasmuch as it is most productive of happiness. The possession of such an endowment seems to have been nurtured by the spirit of nature, and steps forth into the world, a ready-made philosopher. Let it not be supposed that this appellation is given to the thoughtless and volatile votary of pleasure, who is either unconscious of or fears to face serious evil—no; it is he who, feeling the misfortunes with which himself and others are afflicted, does his utmost wisely and manfully to counteract them, and then falls heart and hand to the cultivation and enjoyment of real philosophic gratifications.

This being premised, it will no doubt be allowed that, if we can extract good from evil, and cause it to preponderate, or even counterbalance, we are adding to our stock of happiness. Several authors, especially poets of great fame, have pictured the pleasures of hope, memory, friendship, and many other positive blessings. An eminent writer, now living, has ably set forth the pleasures of poverty; and a noble bard has pleasantly, though perhaps not very creditably, let slip a refinement upon debauchery, which he describes in the form of a prescription for drunkenness: it is as follows:—

‘Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication:
Glory, the grape, love, gold,—in these are sunk
The hopes of all men, and of every nation;
Without their sap, how branchless were that trunk

Of life’s strange tree, so fruitful on occasion:
But to return,—get very drunk; and when
You wake with headache, you shall see—what then?

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water,—then you’ll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes, the great king;
For not the bless’d sherbet, sublimed with snow,

Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sun-set glow,
After long travel, ennui, love or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.’
DON JUAN, c. 2, st. 179-80.

Truly this is luxury luxurified.—First, there is the delight of getting drunk, ‘very drunk;’ and then—oh thou nectareal hock and soda-water!—the pleasure of suddenly becoming sober.

After these precedents, the reader must not be surprised should it be attempted to show the pleasures of illness—prithce, gentle patient, be calm; swallow thy nauseous draught, and read on.

To be luxuriously ill, it is first of all necessary that you be not in acute pain, from which no pleasure can be extracted as an equivalent; with this exception, a list might be given of diseases, with their proportion of pleasure noted down against each; but, as it would require no small experience in an individual to furnish such a statement, it can only be expected that the subject of illness should be treated generally, leaving it to the reader’s discretion to afflict himself, if he pleases, with whatever malady may seem to him most profitable. Should it, however, be very importunately requested that some choice be made, perhaps a cold attended by a slight fever is as good as any. It is no serious affliction truly, but at least the choice is a modest one, and so far has its merit: if, however, there be any one dissatisfied with this, let him add a slight sore throat, and he is in an enviable condition, especially if he be fond of black currant jelly. Thus maladized, the first great cause of cure is to lie in bed.—What an enviable privilege this cold weather—how aristocratic we feel in our snugness. We draw the bed clothes close about us, looking at the ice on the window, and watching our breath as it vanishes into air. Every body in the house is up but ourselves, and we take a pleasure in hearing them complain—the colder they are, the warmer we fancy ourselves. When brought our breakfast:—

Reader. What, breakfast in bed, sir?

Author. Oh yes, madam, it’s a certain cure for colds: do but make trial, and you will be convinced of its pleasantness—utility, I meant.

When Marianne brings our breakfast, we are astonished at the redness of her face, and jocularly warn her against sitting so much over the fire. Now, how delicious the flannel gown feels, with its high collar turned up and buttoned over the chin; how the tea steams our face, and how certain we

are that the *Literary Chronicle* is worth a shilling. What a fortunate circumstance that we should be taken ill on a Saturday; it certainly is the pleasantest day in the week—some persons find it a busy one, but, when ill, who cares for business? How independent we feel of all knocks at our door; even the duns merit only our contempt, and with what an air of triumph the servant exclaims ‘He is ill in bed;’—then, the street door is shut, and we resume our reading. With what an extraordinary relish we peruse our favourite authors; what uncommon talent we discover:—they certainly must have been composed in bed. Of the kind of books whose company we most desire on such occasions, novels, romances, fairy tales, and valorous adventures, are the most sociable. We defy the power of giants and ogers: the more they threaten the closer we draw the bed clothes, like a shield, and are safe. It may be urged that these enjoyments are only to be had when our illness is comparatively trivial: this is generally true, but even more serious cases are not entirely destitute of some mitigation. How delicious to feel conscious that acute pain is abating, while ‘Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,’ kindly and gently draws oblivion’s veil over our tortured senses;—then we awake—pain has fled, and we are comparatively well. And now, when recovering, our capability for enjoyment resumes its healthful vigour, and we taste that pleasure which accompanies trivial illness. The writer of this essay remembers the pleasure he enjoyed, when a school-boy, and recovering, from a very serious malady. The disease had left him, and he heartily enjoyed all those indulgencies which his impaired health permitted, the greatest of which was lying in bed reading tales and romances; indeed, so well contented was he with his situation, and so much did he regret the daily improvement of his health, that he gaily answered the inquiries of the physician, with—

Sir, I am sorry to say
That I’m better to-day.

In illness we are tenderly susceptible of the anxious attentions of our relatives, especially females. Our reciprocal attachment is increased by their mutual exertions in contributing to our recovery. It is the want of this fellow feeling and exertion for mutual benefit which causes a diminution of happiness in the world. Why can we not manage to make society more like one family, by extending our social affections:—

but this is general ha the pleasur —there is which we of female than at th ter, she se the protec she is at c may be de Our im there is ‘ mark wel subject. us to feel ing our s piness. I the sorrow bly suffer bonds of together and whe asunder, sufficient happy.

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but this is abstract speculation upon general happiness, quite distinct from the pleasures of illness:—so, to resume —there is not, perhaps, any time at which we more strongly feel the power of female tenderness and attachment than at this. Whether wife or daughter, she seems, while watching over us, the protectress from all harm; when she is at our side even death himself may be defied.

Our immortal poet has said that there is 'good in every thing;' a remark well applicable to the present subject. Illness, like poverty, teaches us to feel for others, and, by increasing our sympathy begets mutual happiness. He who is most sensitive to the sorrows of others has most probably suffered affliction himself. The bonds of pleasure will link mankind together as strongly as those of pain, and whenever the latter are burst asunder, and pleasure becomes an all-sufficient universal tie—we shall be happy.

S. C.

PHRENOLOGY.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE)

BEING no believer in the system of phrenology, I wish to make a few observations for the consideration of those who so much admire and support it; not with the design to ridicule a new science, if it can be called so, but rather with the view that, if there is any truth in the system, it may speedily be raised to that honour, and be firmly established like all other sciences, on certain and known principles. I am sure the most zealous admirers of it, who have carried their observations on the skulls of some unfortunate persons of late to an extreme length, must see the necessity, when describing appearances on the cranium or the supposed development of the faculties, to divest themselves of all that unintelligible jargon of technical language, which is too much in use in all new sciences, and use great plainness of speech; otherwise they will be continually at variance with reason and common sense, and neither understand themselves nor be understood by others. I think it will be allowed by all men, that that system which has recourse to so much technical language, and requires so much illustration, and is so contradictory to its own principles, as in the various and ridiculous explanations which were given on Thurtell's head, must be wondrous dark and intricate in itself; and it is no matter whether that fault may be attributed

to numscull authors or thick-skull readers, when it is wholly of no use to the public; for I do not see what benefit it can be to society, though its admirers were able to establish it on the clearest and plainest principles.

I do not deny but that the countenance is expressive of the faculties of the mind, and that the ability and disposition of the person may in a great measure be known by looking at his face, without being at all acquainted with his real character; but I positively deny there are any such faculties visibly developed in the cranium as an irresistible propensity to theft and murder. I can as soon be persuaded to believe that the faculty of adultery lies in the same place, as believe that these evil propensities are developed in the cranium, or can be discovered there by the rules of art. If such doctrine were true, it would, in my opinion, reflect severely on the justice and goodness of our Creator, in making one man a cruel murderer and another a base thief,—destinies they could not avoid, however much they might endeavour to do well, since these faculties must inevitably be developed. We are assured, from better authority than any craniologist, that He at first made man upright, and He still forms the heart of all men alike—that is, his mental faculties; for the heart, in the Bible, being always used to signify the understanding, or powers of the mind. And, I believe, whatever difference may afterwards appear in the character of different individuals depends entirely on their good or bad conduct. The life of man, in this world, is something like a race-course, where every one must pace according to his ability: those who get broken-winded and seeled by their own thoughtless extravagance and misconduct, must always lag far behind; they cannot expect to reach the goal so soon as those who are swift of foot and whole and sound of body; that is, those who have perseverance and industry to live virtuously. According to the proverb, *all the trees of the wood do not grow alike*: some are blasted in early youth and soon wither, others pine and die away for want of proper nourishment, being choked up among crowded multitudes and have not room to flourish; so that great allowance must be made for external circumstances, which cause that wonderful variety in the lives of mankind, from the cradle to the grave, without having recourse to any original faculties in the mind, as phrenologists would

make us believe. I am decidedly of opinion there are no such faculties in the mind or appearances in the cranium as indicate the propensities of murder, theft, &c., and I am afraid I shall continue in that opinion until phrenologists can give me a more rational and consistent explanation of their own principles. I should be glad that some member of the Phrenological Society would, for their own honour and for the honour of their system, give the public a satisfactory solution of these difficulties, and I shall be the first to acknowledge the merit of their system; but until then I must say with Horace:

—'Credat Judæus appella,
Non ego.' LIB. I, SAT. 5.

THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

THE Marquis de la Fayette, well known for the share he had in the American and French revolutions, is expected to visit the United States, where he would be sure of a most ardent reception. Indeed a bill has been brought into the Senate to authorize the President to send a national ship to France for him: such an honour has been rarely paid to an individual, and it is, at least, an honourable instance of republican gratitude. It does not appear that the American government has received official intimation of the intention of the marquis, but he has expressed his intention in some private letters, particularly to Mr. Brannan, of Washington, who has presented the marquis with a copy of his Official Military and Naval Letters, written during the late War with Great Britain. The following is the answer of the marquis:—

'La Grange, Oct. 26, 1823.

'Dear Sir,—No present could be more acceptable to me, no pleasure in reading could be greater, than that for which I am under obligations to you.—Accept my best thanks in general for the book, which retraces glorious perils and patriotic names in the late American war, and also for the justice you have done to the warm interests of an old American citizen and soldier in those honourable transactions. Most deeply and affectionately, indeed, I have felt for the worthy sons of my companions in arms, and for the country of which it is my proud, happy lot, to be an adopted son. Be pleased to present your respected father with assurances of my brotherly attachment, sensible as I am of the mutual gratification we should both find in remembering together our revolutionary campaigns.

'A visit to the United States, which I may be allowed to take once more, going home, would be to me a source of inexpressible delight. It is true most of the

friends of my youth, the partners in common feelings and exertions with our *paternal chief*, are no more. But several are still living, and I have been blessed with the most flattering testimonials that ensuing generations have not forgotten me. How happy should I be in the sight of that eminent freedom, prosperity, domestic comfort, and all the advantages of true civilization and extensive felicity, which, placing the United States above ancient and modern societies, seem to stand as a compensation for the disappointments we have had to deplore in Europe.

'With very high and grateful regard, I have the honour to be, your's,

'LA FAYETTE.'

THE LUCUBRATIONS OF AN EARLY RISER.

I HAVE been puzzling myself for an hour with the attempt to have some apt quotation, with which to decorate the beginning of my essay. Having gone through all the varieties, from Milton's—

'Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With song of earliest bird,' &c.

to Butler's—

'And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn,'—

I have at length abandoned the task; and if you, Mr. Editor, are willing to give me a corner in your paper, you must even furnish a motto yourself. That fascinating incognito who too often lures me from my graver studies, to pore over his displays of blended wit and wisdom, has, in this matter of mottoes, done an incalculable evil to us who long to see our thoughts in print. Antiquarian research is so utterly unknown amongst our cis-Atlantics, that to affect it would be absurd, and we therefore must sigh in vain for the privilege of inventing a germane couplet after the chapter is written, and then codiciling it with 'old ballad' or 'old play.'—

I acknowledge forty; have no wife nor children, am familiar in all the genteel circles, and have the honour of being one of the 'young gentlemen' named on the committee of the 'Bachelor's Ball'; my affairs are snug, and I lead an easy, insipid, indolent life. I have always been an early riser, and, finding that my purest thoughts and loftiest imaginings are indulged before breakfast, I have fallen into the habit of recording my matin lucubrations in my common-place book. The town has occasionally had the benefit of extracts from this volume, and I now intend to give a semi-weekly column; specially moved to this resolve by the circumstance of my having been left out last week by a party-giving ady, who has regularly invited me for the last twenty years: I foresee that I am likely to be shelved, and to have much leisure time on my hands.

The poets have made a great deal of fuss about the pleasure of early rising in the country; but every man's experience teaches him that 'there's no such thing,' as Macbeth says, and as any one else might say—but quotations show one's reading. I have tried it, and found that the dew-bespangled

mead wetted my feet, and that the hawthorn's perfume was thrown *hors de combat* by the execrable smell of turnip-tops and cabbage-stalks. A great, bustling, busy city, like New York, is the scene for early risers: in the pleasant seasons of the year, we have all rural charms without their annoying accompaniment, and, in addition, we have the gay spectacle of the groups of gambados cantering up the Broadway—the animating rattle over the stones of the milk and bread carts, the arrival and departure of the steam-boats; while the air of life and activity, every where prevailing, enlivens the beholder and begets a self-satisfied consciousness of belonging to this stirring and prosperous family. But in rainy weather, when the country is unwalkable, then comes our triumph. There is nothing so soothing and solemnizing as an early shower in the city: the hollow moaning of the wind—the pattering of the drops upon one's umbrella—the melodious tinkling in the gutters, all add an impressive effect to the comparative desertion of the streets;—the very gutters run into the sublime. I have stood beside the duodecimo cataracts of Maiden Lane with feelings almost as elevated as those which Niagara excited.

But, whether sunshine or shower mark the morning, I return to my boarding-house cheerful and hungry; and, while my brother bachelors are yawning with ennui, I relate to any listener the incidents of my walk; and while they are complaining that the tea is too weak, I am earnestly engaged with my roll and sausage. They all envy me; and every night, when they retire, full of whiskey punch and firm resolve, they determine upon rising early the next morning; but they—

'Resolve and re-resolve, and sleep the same.'

Come, then, all ye people of taste, that read the American: let the young and lovely damsel join me in my morning walk. One turn upon the battery in the teeth of a north-wester will give bloom to your cheek and lustre to your eye.—Come then, ye men of wit: one morning ramble will suggest to you more good things than a day's study can furnish. The sagacity of the merchant and the lawyer will be rendered more acute; the clergyman will find new topics for eloquence; the editor will obtain many a hint for a paragraph; and, if all will join me, my worthy friend Arcularius must extend his establishment, and Mr. Smith must fit out another Chinaman.

New York American.

Biography.

MR. JOHN DAVY.

MUSIC, of all sciences, is the first to develop itself, and numerous are the instances of precocity on record. We are continually reading of embryo Haydns and infant Catalanis, but few of these ever rise beyond mature mediocrity. In England, we have, however, two exceptions,—Dr. Crotch, who

played on the organ when only twelve months old, and Mr. John Davy, to whom the public is indebted for so many favourite airs.

John Davy was born in the parish of Upton Hilion, eight miles from Exeter, in the year 1765, and, from his very infancy, discovered the most remarkable sensibility respecting music. When only three years of age, he went into a room where his uncle was playing over a psalm tune on the violoncello, and the moment he heard the instrument he ran away crying, and was so terrified that he expected him every moment to fall into fits; in the course of some weeks his uncle repeatedly tried to reconcile him to the instrument, which at last he effected, after a great deal of coaxing, by taking the child's fingers and making him strike the strings, which at first startled him; but, in a few days, he became so passionately fond of the amusement, that he took every opportunity of scraping a better acquaintance with this monster, who, in the hands of his keeper, had dreadfully frightened him with his tremendous noise. Within a short time, by a little attention, he turned the notes of this frightful animal into notes of joy. At this time there was a company of soldiers quartered at Crediton, a town about a mile from Hilion. His uncle took him there frequently, and one day, attending the roll-call, he appeared to be greatly delighted with the fifes; but, not content with hearing them, he borrowed one, and very soon picked out several tunes, and played them decently. After this he gathered a quantity of what the people call *biller*: it is tubular, and grows in marshy grounds; with the *biller* he made several imitations of this instrument, and sold them to his play-fellows. When between four and five years of age, his ear was so very correct, that he could play any easy tune after once or twice hearing it. Before he was quite six years old, a neighbouring smith, into whose house he used frequently to run, lost between twenty and thirty *horse-shoes*; diligent search was made after them for many days, but to no purpose. Soon after, the smith heard some musical sounds, which seemed to come from the upper part of the house; and, having listened a sufficient time to be convinced that his ears did not deceive him, he went up stairs, where he discovered the young musician and his property between the ceiling of the garret and the thatched roof. He had selected eight *horse-shoes*, out of more than twenty, to form a complete

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octave; had suspended each of them by a single cord, clear from the wall, and, with a small iron rod, was amusing himself by imitating Crediton chimes, which he did with great exactness. This story being made public, and his genius for music increasing hourly, a neighbouring clergyman of considerable rank in the church, who patronised him, showed him a harpsichord, which he soon got a familiar acquaintance with; and by his intuitive genius was soon able to play any easy lesson which came in his way; he applied himself likewise to the violin, and found but few difficulties to surmount in his progress on that instrument. When eleven years old, he was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Eastcott, by his patron; Mr. E. set him down to the pianoforte, and, soon perceiving that the seeds of music were sown in a rich soil, he recommended his friends to place him with some cathedral organist, under whom he might have free access to a good instrument, and get some knowledge of the rules of composition. Mr. Jackson, organist of Exeter Cathedral, was some time after applied to, who consented to take him, and he was articled to him when he was about twelve years of age.

When Mr. Davy had grown up, he came to town and was soon engaged to supply music for operas, for which he was well qualified by the correctness of his style, and his facility at composition. He was for many years regularly retained by the theatres royal for this purpose, until infirmities, rather than age, rendered him almost incapable of exertion, and he died in poverty, in lodgings, at May's Buildings, on Sunday, the 22nd inst. Many of his pieces will, however, never cease to be recollected and admired, particularly his *Just like Love*, *May we ne'er want a Friend*, *The Death of the Smuggler*, and *The Bay of Biscay*.

Mr. Davy had once a passion for the stage, and actually made his *debut* as a tragic hero, at Exeter, on which occasion he assumed the character of Zanga—the present excellent actor, Mr. Downton, sustaining the part of Alonzo. Mr. Davy was a man of mild, amiable, and unassuming manners.

Original Poetry.

WAR SONG, FOR THE GREEKS.

HEAR ye not yon trumpet's breath?
Tis heralding your toil of death!
Remember now your triumphs past,
Nor let those glories prove your last!

On, for the land of your fame!
On, for your honour and name!

On, for the maids that adore ye!
On, for the mothers that bore ye!
On, for your infants' dear lives!
On, for your kindred and wives!
On, for your forefathers' graves,
Lest they sleep in a land trod by slaves!

By the hearth-stones of your sires,—
By your own domestic fires,—
By your meadows' verdant sod,
By the temples of your god,—
By the eyes that ye love best,—
By the arms in which ye rest,—
By each tearful matron's sigh,—
Nobly live, or nobly die!

Now spring resistless on the foe,
And deal ye death with every blow!
Light up each eye with palsy fire,
And strike them nerveless with your ire!
Then shall they see and feel the flame,
And recreant sink with living shame.—

On, nor fear the foe before ye,—
For the gazing heav'ns are smiling o'er ye!
Edmonton. J. J. LEATHWICK.

EVENING: A FRAGMENT.

Now sinks the blushing god of parting day,
And westerly clouds with golden splendour stream,
And forward crowd, as 'twere to catch the ray,
That lingers on his last and loveliest beam;
How regular and radiant do they seem!
And pensive evening, from the eastern sky,
Softens the fire of day-light's flaring gleam
With sombre shadows—to the mind-fraught eye,
More sacred and more sweet than morning's richest dye.

The evening walk, how pure and pleasing! See
The sportive children crowd the hamlet green:

The circling elders mark the playful glee,
And proudly tell of times when they *had* been,

And famous feats and fortunes *they* had seen;
The squatted dames deal village scandal round,

In council grave; the sly girl eyes the scene
Of striving youths, to catch the sight, the sound

Of him for whom her heart's best purest beatings bound.

Now day recedes, and modest twilight spreads
Her veil of darkness o'er the blushing skies,
Through which the waking night, soft peeping, sheds

The twinkling radiance of ten thousand eyes.
On air's blue page the seal of silence;
Repose, on earth, has laid her hushing wing;
Tired Ocean sleeps, nor hears the soft sad sighs
Of wooing winds; the world seems slumbering;—

So motionless and mute each dead and living thing!
W. H. S.

Fine Arts.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE'S CENOTAPH.

It may, perhaps, be known to all our readers, that, on the death of the much-lamented Princess Charlotte, a sum of £15,000 was subscribed, in order to erect a monument to her memory. Mr. Matthew Wyatt, with whom the project originated, was appointed to execute the

work, and a cenotaph, which has been generally admired, was finished two years ago. It has long excited surprise that this public monument of a people's love was not open to the public: nor will the surprise be lessened when it is known that, for two years, the Cenotaph Committee have been labouring, entreating, and beseeching permission to place it either in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral—where, however, a subscriber to the monument could not see it without paying, as he would do to see the lions at Exeter Change. Though, for two years, the committee could obtain no decisive answer on the subject, yet at length the fate of the cenotaph is decided; and the public will hear with amazement, that it is decreed that a monument to which fifteen thousand Britons, in various parts of the globe, contributed, is to be placed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor—the private chapel of his Majesty, where it will be as completely secluded from the public view as if it was closeted in Carlton House. We are sure that his Majesty, who has been so munificent to the nation, in giving it a splendid library and in projecting a national gallery, to be enriched with his own valuable collections, cannot wish to conceal from a grateful public the only monument of a princess they adored—a monument not paid for out of the privy purse—not purchased by a vote of Parliament, but raised by voluntary subscription. The monument is not private property, which an individual, be his station ever so high, can do what he pleases with; nor do we think the committee, who are only the trustees for the subscribers, are justified in consenting to such an arrangement without the sanction of the subscribers in a public meeting. Let them, then, assemble, and present a memorial to his Majesty—though we must say his Majesty has no authority over the cenotaph—and we are sure he will at once give permission to its being placed in any situation that may best suit the views of the committee and the wishes of the subscribers and the public.

HISTORICAL PAINTING IN THE UNITED STATES.

WE have on more than one occasion called the attention of our readers to the progress of the fine arts in the United States, where Colonel Turnbull engaged, some time ago, to paint four grand historical pictures, illustrative of the most important events of the revolution. One of these pictures, the Signing of the De-

claration of Independence, has already been noticed; and we are enabled, from an American paper, to supply a description of the fourth, which is nearly finished. We, of course, are not answerable for the critical opinions of the writer: the picture represents the resignation, by General Washington, of his military commission.

'The subject of this impressive picture occasions it to bear a general resemblance to that already published; yet with such points of difference, as renders them the fittest possible companions for each other:—many of the same characters appear in both, yet each picture has its own beauties, and its particular claims. While the first contains a Franklin, the second, presents a Washington; while the one presents almost all our legislators, the other exhibits our military hero, and that in the moment of his truest glory: in the former picture, we see two of our presidents; in the latter the portraits of four.

'The picture represents the interior of the Congress Hall, at Annapolis. The speaker's chair is occupied by Thomas Mifflin, who is sitting in an erect attitude, his eyes fastened upon the face of Washington. Beside him (as in the first picture) rises the tall plain figure of secretary Thompson, next to whom stands Elbridge Gerry, then Hugh Williamson, and farther to the right Samuel Osgood. These are grouped in the back-ground toward the left of the picture. Below them sits Mr. Jefferson, having on his right hand Partridge and McComb, and on his left Arthur Lee, Howell, Munroe, Ellery, Townley Chase (not the judge), and Hardy. All these figures are in sitting attitudes, their eyes intent on Washington. Behind them stands Mr. Madison, (who, in fact, was not present on the occasion, but whose portrait is introduced by a pardonable license, for the sake of enriching the picture); and on his right, in a suit of bright scarlet, stands James Read, of South Carolina, a gentleman who so highly and justly appreciated the importance of the scene, and the value of the privilege of having witnessed it, that he carefully preserved the suit of clothes he wore that day, as a family possession. In the centre of the hall, and immediately before the speaker's chair, stands the dignified figure of Washington. He is dressed in a regimental suit, his arm extended towards the speaker, presenting a folded paper containing his resignation. His left hand rests upon his hip, and holds the glove which has been drawn from his right. His countenance is worthy of the occasion. It is filled with serene majesty, such as virtue alone can communicate. There is, throughout the whole figure, the repose of a spirit satisfied with the past, and at peace with itself; yet not a trace of elation, not a gleam of vain glory any where appears. He looks as an American would expect his country's saviour to look, while performing one of the most virtuous actions that history ever recorded. Behind the

general stands his military suite, Walker, Humphreys, Smallwood, Williams, and Howard; and to the right of these, a group of spectators, not yet finished, but in which Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, with his two young daughters, (since married, the one to Coddloe Harper, the other to Mr. Caton), hold a conspicuous place. Above these figures is a gallery, in which, among other personages, that of Mrs. Washington is to be introduced.

'This picture, when finished, will be fully equal, both in interest and execution, to those already before the public. Its merits are in all respects similar to those of its companion, and, were it not invidious to criticise a work abounding with so much excellence, we would say its defects are the same, with those we pointed out on a former occasion.—Here, as in the declaration of independence, there is action, but no speech.—The mouth of Washington himself—that mouth whose accents form the very subject matter of the whole composition,—is closed. We cannot but retain the conviction we expressed before, that these pictures want but a touch of the pencil, to have their interest doubled. Let Jefferson in the one, and Washington in the other, have their lips parted by speech, and there will remain nothing to regret, among so much to admire.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

POOR George Colman the Younger, though no chicken, has been sadly pecked at since he was installed licenser of plays; for he has not only objected to some passages in Mr. Shee's tragedy, but he really prohibited, as report says, the new burlesque from bearing the title of *The Prince of Pimlico* in consequence of which the author substituted that of *Rumfustian Innamorato*. Without at all prejudging Mr. Shee's play, or supposing, as a waggish correspondent does, that the rejection of his tragedy was an act of friendship on the part of Colman, to save it from being damned, and to give an interest to its publication which intrinsically it might not possess, we do think Mr. Shee had better not make quite so much fuss about himself and his tragedy as he does. Every person who has read Mr. Shee's *Rhymes on Art* knows him to be a clever poet,—every one who knows him feels confident of his morality and loyalty; and yet there may be passages in his tragedy which would be as well omitted. At all events, the publication of the play will of itself be Mr. Colman's best rebuke, and Mr. Shee's best defence; and until it appears, we see no good but the gratification of personal vanity in his publishing long letters in the newspapers, and dragging the Duke of Montrose before the public.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Kean played Hamlet on Monday evening by special desire: no real friend of Mr. Kean would desire him to do any such thing; for, although there are some good parts in his acting, and he gives some of the declamatory passages with great ability, yet it is one of his least effective characters, and we are surprised that he does not know it.

Shakspeare's admirable comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* has been revived at this house, with the addition of several songs and duets from the plays and poems of the bard. We confess we should have preferred the comedy without them, but it is justice to the managers to state they have not curtailed the dramatist of his fair proportions, or converted his comedy into an opera; and there are, no doubt, many persons who will think a few of Shakspeare's songs sung by Miss Stephens, Madame Vestris, and Mr. Braham, an improvement. The play is altogether strongly cast. Downton's Sir John Falstaff was always excellent: there is a richness in his laugh, which is quite provocative of risibility; in the scenes with Ford disguised as Brooke, the confidence with which he spoke of Mrs. Ford's frailty and his own success was highly amusing, as were his scenes with that lady, particularly when they wanted him a second time to go into the buck-basket. Oxberry's Justice Shallow was not very good; nor was Harley, in Master Slender, very successful: this actor has a good deal of whimsicality about him, but he is not very happy in the ludicrous. Wallack's Ford was very good; he played the jealous husband to the life: and Penley was more than usually respectable in Page. Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius had excellent representations in Brown and Gattie. Miss Stephens played the part of Mrs. Ford, in which she sung several airs and duets, which were much applauded; she also displayed a good deal of spirit in her acting; as did Madame Vestris, who executed several songs with great effect. Miss Povey was the 'Sweet Anne Page,' and played and sung very well: but we forget the character of Fenton, which afforded Braham an opportunity of displaying his fine talents and voice in several songs, particularly one from *Love's Labour Lost*, beginning 'A Lover's Eyes can gaze an Eagle blind.' All the singers were in excellent voice; and the comedy has been performed four times during the week. The revival of this comedy does much credit to the manager, as he had several excellent new

scenes painted by Stanfield. On Tuesday produced at this theatre *Innamorato*. It is in the youthful Wallace, and bastes *Furio* modern ins

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scenes painted for it. One, Herne's Oak, by Stanfield, is very beautiful.

On Tuesday a new burlesque was produced at this house, entitled *Rumfustian Innamorato, or the Court of Quodlibet*. It is from the pen of Mr. Walker, the youthful author of the tragedy of *Wallace*, and is twin-brother to *Bombastes Furioso*, though with several 'modern instances.'

Oxberry played the king with mock-heroic dignity. Harley, as Rumfustian, was an amusing suitor to Squallerina, the daughter of the King, to whom he gets access disguised as a fireman; he makes his rival, Muffinero (Knight) tipsy at a public house, strips him of his clothes, and goes in state to claim his bride, who had been promised to Muffinero; he comes in without his coat,—the cheat is discovered, the parties fight, and, with the King, are slain. Squallerina comes in as Ophelia, and, while she laments their death, they rise up, and beg leave to die again. There was a good deal of humour in the piece, and it has been repeated every night since it was first produced.

There is no novelty at Covent Garden Theatre this week, but a good deal at the Minors, particularly the Surrey.

Mathews is almost ready; and Mr. Bartley quite so, to give his Astronomical Lectures, during Lent.

Literature and Science.

Mr. Bernard Barton is preparing for publication a volume entitled *Poetic Vigils*.

Shortly will be published, the *Laws of the British West India Colonies*, synthetically arranged, by George Robinson, solicitor.

Rosalvira, or the Demon Dwarf, a romance by the author of *Rhodomaldi*; also, *The Syren of Venice*, a romance, by the author of *Parga*; are in the press. Also: Aaron Smith's *Narrative of the horrid and unprecedented sufferings he underwent, during his captivity among the pirates in the island of Cuba*.

It is well known that Galland's French translation of the collection of *Thousand and One Nights*, from which the versions into other European languages have been made, was so imperfect as to contain only the smaller number of those celebrated tales. The public will therefore learn with interest, that Mr. Ackerman has in considerable forwardness a translation of that part of this collection which has not yet appeared in an English dress, from a complete copy of the original, which the eminent oriental scholar, Mr. Von Hammer, of Vienna, was fortunate enough to meet with during his diplomatic mission at Constantinople.

Mr. Montgomery, the poet, is about to publish a sort of *pic-nic* collection of original pieces, by living authors; the profits of which are to be appropriated to the society for abolishing the system of employing climbing boys in sweeping chimneys.

The *Life of Joanne of Sicily, Queen of Naples*, will be ready in a few days.

Mr. Benecke, of Lloyd's, has in the press a *Treatise on the Principles of Indemnity in Marine Insurances, Bottomry, and Respondentia*; containing practical rules for effecting insurances, and the adjustment of all kinds of losses and averages, according to the law and practice of England and other maritime countries of Europe; for the use of underwriters, merchants, and lawyers.

By an error of the press, the forthcoming romance, by the author of *The Lollards, Other Times, &c.*, was stated to be *The Witch Feud*. It ought to have been *The Witch Finder*; as the story is connected with the exploits of the infamous Mathew Hopkins, who claimed to be distinguished by that title.

The Comet.—Astronomy in America.—The following observations on the appearances of the comet in the United States are by Professor Farrar, of Cambridge University, in Massachusetts:—

'On account of the cloudy weather there have been only a few opportunities of observing the comet. On the morning of the 4th inst. it was seen in the constellation Hercules, about midway between the stars *Beta* and *Delta*, distant from *Arcturus* 36 deg. 52 min. It has not been in *Serpentarius*, as stated in several of the accounts given in the newspapers. Its apparent course has been from the left to the right arm of Hercules. The following distances were taken with a sextant, between five and half past five o'clock this morning: namely, from *Arcturus* 34 deg. 40 min., from *Benetnash* 43 deg. 14 min.; and from *Gamma*, 16 deg. 7 min. from which it appears, that the place of the comet at this time will be found to be in declination 23 deg. 58 min. or in the tropic of Cancer, and right ascension 249 degrees nearly. It rises a little after two o'clock in the morning, and sets a little after sundown. Its apparent course being westerly, it will continue to rise earlier and earlier, and will be visible for a longer time each day, before it is lost in the twilight. It is about as conspicuous as the comet of 1819, or *Encke's*, and it sends out a faint luminous train, that may be traced in a clear atmosphere thro' an arc of 6 or 7 degrees.

'Every new phenomenon in the heavens reminds us of our entire want of the necessary apparatus for a proper course of observations. There is scarcely a corner in Europe unprovided with a building and instruments, and persons set apart for purposes of this kind. No less than one hundred and thirty observatories, most of which are costly and well furnished, attest the interest that is felt for astronomy in that quarter of the globe, whilst not one is to be found throughout the whole American continent.'

Improvements in the Metropolis.—To the improvements which have so long been carried on in the western part of the metropolis we have now a prospect of some very essential ones at the east end of the town. The new Post Office is to be commenced forthwith; a company is forming for boring a tunnel under the Thames, on the plan proposed by Mr. Brunel; and the first pile of wood for the foundation of the new London Bridge is expected to be driven on Monday next, opposite Fishmongers' Hall. The new bridge will be a level, nearly resembling Waterloo Bridge, and will commence from Cannon Street. By this plan the declivity of Fish Street, and the nuisance of waggons, carts, &c., at London Bridge, will be avoided, as there will be an arch over Thames Street, under which the traffic of the city, in carts, &c., will continue, without interrupting the great thoroughfare of stage-coaches into Kent.

In consequence of a recent dispute between the London Dock Company and the merchants, application has been made to Parliament for a bill for constructing new docks near the Tower, to be called the St. Catherine's Dock. It is intended that the wet dock and basin shall be capable of accommodation for the discharge or loading of 120 ships, besides craft. The depth of water to be such as to admit vessels of 700 tons burthen.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
February 20	40	44	38	29 58	Rain.
..... 21	36	41	37	.. 81	Cloudy.
..... 22	35	49	40	.. 94	Fair.
..... 23	39	43	38	30 03	Cloudy.
..... 24	38	44	40	29 95	Do.
..... 25	36	37	35	.. 83	Do.
..... 26	33	40	33	.. 77	Sleet.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

The loss of friends (said his late Majesty on the death of one of his brothers) is the fine which nature levies upon our lengthened days.

Wilkes.—The late Sir Watkin Lewes used to complain that Wilkes made a butt of him. 'True,' said Wilkes, 'but it's only a waste butt.'

Irish Blarney.—The following is a copy of the letter of the village piper, requesting payment for his professional exertions at some little fête given by the lady of the manor:—

To the Hon. Mrs. B—

Madam,

The bearer hereof is the piper that played for your lordable family at the Terrace, on the 12th inst. and I am referred to your honour for my hire: your ladyship's pardon for my boldness would be almost a sufficient compensation for my labour.

PATRICK WALSH.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'MEDITATIONS by Moonlight, No. II.,' and Crockery, Jun., in our next.

The Favours of several correspondents will be noticed next week.

The Monthly Part of *The Literary Chronicle* for February is now ready.

Works published since our last notice.—Howell's Character of Theophrastus, royal 8vo. 21s. De la Beche's Selection of Geological Memoirs, from the Annales des Mines, coloured plates, 8vo. 18s. Chatfield on the Darker Ages, 8vo. 7s. 6d. Guide to the Mount's Bay, Land's End, &c. post 8vo. 10s. Country Belles, 3 vols. 18s. Wood's Essay on the Genius of Homer, 8vo. 7s. 6d. Godwin's History of the Commonwealth, 8vo. 14s. Newton's Letters, 4s. 6d. Perceval's Poems, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s. Memoirs of a Deist, 6s. Cox on Acute Rheumatism, 4s. Sayings and Doings, 3 vols. 12 10s. Fuller's Works, 8 vols. 8vo. 5l. 5s. Hibbert's Philosophy of Apparitions, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

RETSCH'S DESIGNS for SCHILLER'S FRIDOLIN. Will be ready for Publication on the 5th March, Part I. price 4s.

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